THE SCHEMES OF COLONELCAY BEING EPISODE'S IN THE LIFE OF A MASTER ROGUE THE BY Grant Gillen

Times; no Saturday. I'm sick of these papers!"

"The World is too much with us," I assented, cheerfully. I regret to say nobody appreciated the point of my quotation.

Charles took infinite pains, I must admit, to insure perfect secrecy. He made me write and secure the best statements—main deck, amidships, under my name, for New York, on her very next voyage. He spoke of his destination to nobody but Amelia; and Amelia warned Cesarine, under pains and penalties on no account to betray it to the other servants. Further to secure his incog, Charles assumed the style and title of Mr. Peter Porter, and booked as such in the Etruria at Liverpool.

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The day before starting, however, he went down with me to the city for an interview with his brokers in Adam's court. Old Broad Street. Finglemore, the senior partner, hastened, of course, to receive us. As we entered his private room a good-looking young man rose and lounged out, "Halloa, Finglemore," Charles said: "that's that scampof a brother of yours! I thought you had shipped him off years and years ago to China?"

"So I did, Sir Charles," Finglemore answered, rubbing his hands somewhat nervously. "But he never went there. Being an idle young dog, with a taste for amusement, he got for the time no further than Paris. Since then he's hung about a bit, here, there and everywhere, and done no particular good for himself or his family. But about three or four years ago he somehow 'struck lie,' he went to South Africa, poaching on your preserves, and now he's back again—rich, married, and respectable. His wife, a nice little woman, has reformed him. Well, what can I do for you this morning?"

Charles has large interests in America in Santa Fe and Topeka, and other big concerns; and he insisted on taking out several documents and vouchers connected in various ways with his widespread ventures there. He meant to go, he said, for complete rest and change, on a general tour of private inquiry—New York Chicago, Colorado, the mining districts. It was a millionaire's holiday. So he took all these valuables in a black lapanned dispatch box, which he guarded like a child, with absurd precautions. He never allowed that box out of his sight for one moment; and he gave me no peace as to its safety and inversity. It was a perfect fetish.

"We must be cautious," he said. "Sey, cautious. Especially in travei-

EPISODE JAPANESE DISPATCH

> BOX NUMBER IX

left Lake George on Tuesday morning, and I had the dispatch box in my own hands on Wednesday.

"We have only their word for it." I cried. "Perhaps they stopped on—and walked off with it afterward!" "We will inquire to-morrow," Charles answered. "But I confess I don't think it was worth waking me up for. I could stake my life on that little woman's integrity." We did inquire not many integrity. We did inquire next morning—with this curious result: It turned out that, when he was Medhurst, the detective, when he was Medhurst, the detective was many the medium has a medium her was medium her was medium her was not a medium her was nd deceive us? And isn't it pos-that he said of his methods at amew's Island that day was sim-designed in order to hoodwink

the Scamew's Island that day was similarly designed in order to hoodwink us?"

"That is so obvious, Sey," my brother-in-law observed, in a most aggrieved tone, "that I should have thought any secretary worth his sait would have arrived at it instantly."

I abstained from remarking that Charles himself had not arrived at it even now, until I told him. I thought that to say so would serve no good purpose. So I merely went on:

"Well, it seems to me likely that when he came as Medhurst, with his hair cut short, he was really wearing his own natural crop, in its simplest form and of its native hue. By now it has had time to grow long and bushy. When he was David Granton, no doubt, he clipped it to an intermediate length, trimmed his beard and mustache, and dyed them all red, to a fine Scotch color. As the Seer, again, he wore his hair much the same as Elihu's; only, to suit the chracter more combed and fluffy. As the little curate he darkened it and plastered its own. As Von Lebenstein he shaved close; but cultivated his mustache is utmost dimensions, and dyed it black after the Tyrolese fashion. He need never have had a wig; his own natural (hair would throughout have been sufficient, allowing for intervals."

"You're right, Sey," my brother-in-law said, growing almost friendly." I "You're right, Sey" my brother-in-law said, growing almost friendly." will do you the justice to admit that's the nearest thing we have yet struck out to an idea for tracking him."

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On the Saturday morning a letter arrived which relieved us a little from our momentary tension. It was from our enemy himself—but most different in tone from his previous bantering communification.

Saturday Friday.—Sir Charles Vandrift: Herewith I return your dispatch box, intact, with the papers uniouched. As you will readily observe, it has not even been opened.

"You will ask me the reason for this strange conduct. Let me be serious for once and tell you truthfully." White Heather' and I (for I will stick to Mr. Wentworth's Judiclous sobriquet) came over on the Etruria with you, intending as usual to make something out of you. We followed you to Lake George—for I had forced a card, after my habitual plan, by inducing you to invite us, with the fixed upon you. It formed no part of our original game to steal your dispatch hox; that I consider a simple and elementary trick unworthy the skill of a practiced operator. We persisted in the preparations for our coup till you pulled my hair out. Then, to my great surprise, I saw you exhibited a degree

